

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER

Devoted to Education, Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mechanical Arts.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE

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NO 88

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN
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THURSDAY MORNING,
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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NOTICE

IS hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature at its next Session for an Act of Incorporation for the Presbyterian Church of Spartanburg, C. H.
Sept 13 33 1f

NOTICE

IS hereby given that application will be made at the next sitting of the Legislature for a renewal of the act of incorporation of the Nazareth Presbyterian Church, Spartanburg District.
Sept 6 32 3m

Dress Making.

MISS S. E. GREGORY respectfully announces to the Ladies of Spartanburg that she is well prepared with the LATEST FASHIONS and a competent Assistant, to execute all work in MANTUA-MAKING, at short notice and for moderate prices. Apply the residence of Mr. J. R. WEIKERT.
Oct 4 35 4w

NOTICE.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF FREE SCHOOLS are requested to meet at Spartanburg C. H. on the FIRST MONDAY in NOVEMBER next. Teachers will have their claims properly made out, and present them to me by the 15TH of OCTOBER next.
JOSEPH FOSTER,
Chairman Board Commissioners.
Sept 27—35—4

NOTICE.

ALL persons living in Spartanburg District indebted to the subscriber for services of Imported Stallions, "AYSGARTH" and "BOSEQUET," are requested to make payment to Messrs. FOSTER & JUDD, who are authorized to receipt them.
W. C. GIST,
September 27, 1866. 35 4t

NOTICE.

THE blacksmith books of Dr. J. J. VERNON, deceased, are placed in my hands for settlement and collection. All persons thus indebted, are hereby notified to settle the same on or before the first day of September next.
T. O. P. VERNON, Adm'r.
August 2 27 1f

NOTICE.

PERSONS indebted to the Estate of CASANDRA BARNETT, dec'd, are hereby requested to make settlement by the FIRST of OCTOBER next. All who fail to do so will find their Notes in the hands of an Attorney for collection.
M. F. BARNETT, Ex'or.
Sept 20 34 1f

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of GIDEON H. KING, will make immediate payment to the undersigned. All having claims against said Estate will hand them in properly attested to either the undersigned or to Farrow and Duncan.
JONAS BREWTON.
Sept 20 34 1f

Notice to Debtors.

PERSONS indebted to the estate of RICHARD B. SMITH, are hereby requested to meet me at the Court House, on Salesdays in September and October, for the purpose of making settlement. All who fail to make settlement with me by Salesday in October next, will find their notes in the hands of an Attorney for collection. Give attention to this and save cost.
S. F. SMITH,
Administrator.
Aug 9-28-td

To All whom it may Concern.

I WILL be at Spartanburg on the 17th inst, and remain for one week, for the purpose of closing up my NOTES AND ACCOUNTS. Persons owing me will please call and settle, as I will regret the necessity of suing any of my friends. Currency is all I require of you, if you will pay the notes promptly.
ALFRED TOLLESON
Sept 13 33 1f

Estate Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of P. S. HUNTER, deceased, are notified to make immediate payment. All claims over the amount of TWENTY DOLLARS, will be settled with Farrow & Duncan, Attorneys. All sums of and under the amount of Twenty Dollars, will be settled with Sam'l Lancaster, esq. All persons having claims against the estate will hand them in properly attested to the undersigned, and thereby save cost.
POLLY W. HUNTER,
Administratrix.
Sept 20 34 1f

Final Notice.

ALL persons having demands against the estate of JAMES M. NESBITT, dec'd, are hereby notified to present them duly attested, and persons indebted by NOTE or ACCOUNT, previous to his death, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and thereby save cost.
E. D. NESBITT,
THOS. F. FIELDER, Ex'tors.
Sept. 20 34 1f

A Heartrending Recital.

About two or three weeks ago, in a house near the fair grounds, in Montgomery, Alabama, a woman was found dead on the floor. She had fallen from the bed and must have died during the night. Around her lay four little daughters, the oldest one about twelve years of age. Day-break revealed to them the mother's dead body lying on the floor. But this was not all; these little girls lying around her were dying, yes, dying for the want of bread and attention. In this fix they were found and brought by some one, in a little cart to Bishop Copp's Home for Orphans. They were brought there on Friday. When these little girls came to the Home they were the picture of misery and want, and not scarcely a rag on to hide their nakedness; emaciated and sallow, they looked like living skeletons, and they were crying for bread. The baby, about three years of age, died on Saturday. The poor little thing was too near gone for any human aid to do her any good. She begged for bread until she died.

Another one, named Lizzie, about seven or eight years of age, died on Wednesday. She was a pretty little girl, but reduced to a mere skeleton. She begged those around her to give her some meat and bread to the last. The other two are still at the Home. It was thought at first that they would die too, but the oldest one, a bright little girl, is improving. Her account of the sufferings they underwent is enough to melt the hardest heart to tears—how they cried for bread and could not get it—that they had been drawing rations, but when they all got down sick, they sent their ticket by a negro woman, but that the ticket was torn up and the answer was "no more rations"—and how their poor sick mother the evening before she died, with tears streaming down her cheeks, pressed them to her bosom—and much more which this little girl told me in a straightforward manner, and which had truth stamped upon what she said.

The other little girl, named Mary, about nine years of age, is still very low, and it is very doubtful if she will ever get well, though she has improved some since she has been at the Home. She at first begged every one that came near her to give her some meat and bread, as she had been literally starving.

These are the plain facts as they are. They need no embellishment.

Terrible Warning.

The following are the particulars, taken from the Pittsburg Catholic, of an item published and vouched for by the leading Pennsylvania papers:

"On Thursday, the 13th instant, a prisoner in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, by the name of Holmes, was struck with apoplexy while giving utterance to the most horrid blasphemies, and died the next day. The case was so remarkable that it was reported in all the dailies the same week. A few days ago all the circumstances connected with the horrible affair were described to us, and we give them almost word for word, as we received them from several respectable parties, Protestant as well as Catholic, and possessing the best means of information.

Thompson (for Holmes was only an assumed name) had been several years, perhaps four or five, in the penitentiary, having been convicted of horse stealing. He was possessed of a vigorous constitution, and though an educated and intelligent man, was a professed infidel, and accustomed on all occasions, to use language of a most profane and blasphemous character. He was employed at shoe making, and on the fatal Thursday, while engaged, entered into conversation on religious subjects with the only other prisoner in his cell, a Protestant, working at the same trade. Thompson asked his companion if his mother was a Christian; he answered in the affirmative, he observed that Christianity could be proved from the Bible.

Thompson answered: "The Bible is like an old fiddle, you can play any tune you please upon it." When reminded that at least the Divine character of the founder of Christianity was clearly set forth in the Bible, Thompson asserted with great vehemence, that "Jesus Christ was a bastard, and His Mother a —," a name which none but the vilest ruffian would apply to even the most degraded woman. Thompson had hardly given utterance to these horrible words, when his cell mate observed that he was falling from the bench on which he sat, and, catching him in his arms, gave the alarm.

A physician was summoned immediately, but the case was one beyond the reach of medical skill. Some said the poor man was attacked by apoplexy, others might suspect that he had been struck by the hand of God. There, with distended pupils, palsied tongue and rigid limbs, lay the wretched blasphemer. After twenty-four hours spent in this condition, he passed to his final account.

Jefferson Davis.

You may fasten his feet with fetters,
You may chain him close in his cell,
You may mock him, and taunt and torture
Like the hounds you follow, in hell.

You may shed on his quivering eyeballs
The glare of the hateful lamp;
You may banish sleep from his pillow
With your sentry's ceaseless tramp.

You may starve in a mental famine
His mind, which supreme has shown;
You may stifle the cravings of nature,
Till thought, tottering, reels on her throne.

But you never can fetter his spirit,
That rises beyond your control;
Your iron may rust on his body,
It never will enter his soul!

That was formed in God's own bright image,
And stamped with a purpose high;
It towers in its might above you,
As the eagle soars over the fly!

No malice of yours can insult him,
Your touch cannot sully his fame;
When Pilate had scourged his captive,
We know with which rested the shame!

Feeble, and faint, and fettered,
A tone from his voiceless mouth
Uphaves and entwines around him
Every heartstring that beats in the South!

To him an immortal glory!
To you, through all time he hurled,
Contentment and a scorn undying
The hiss of the civilized world!

June 13, 1866. FANNY DOWNING.

A Yankee Trade.

A certain farmer, who in the course of the year purchased several dollars worth of goods and always paid for them, called at a store of a village merchant, his regular place of dealing, with two dozen brooms which he offered for sale. The merchant who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain, examined his stock and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling a piece for these brooms."

Cyrus seemed astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"Oh, no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents a piece, and not a cent less."

"Cyrus you are crazy," replied John. "Why, see here," showing a fine lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours (which was true) which I am retailing at twelve and a half cents apiece" (which was not true by seven and a half cents.)

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, anyhow," and pretending to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting nervous over the loss of a good customer, and fearing that he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on awhile. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms you will not object to take the price of them out in goods?"

"No. I don't care if I do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me see, twenty-four times twenty make just four hundred and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have Cyrus?"

"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"Oh no, not at all—not at all," said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make any difference, I will take the amount in them brooms of yours at 12½ cents apiece. Let me see, \$4.80 will get 30 brooms and 10 cents over; don't make much difference John, about the 10 cents, but as you are a right clever fellow, I believe I'll take the change in terbacker."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and "terbacker" John was seized with a serious breaking out at the mouth, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times by the bystanders, who all enjoyed the joke.

A FACT WORTH PRINTING.—At a second class hotel in Frankfort, Kentucky, a few days since, a little girl entered the barroom and in pitiful tones told the barkeeper that her mother sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents?" said the bar-keeper.

"Yes sir."

"What does your mother want of eight cents?" I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have no bread to day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer suggested to the barkeeper to kick her out.

"No," said the barkeeper, "I'll give her mother the money, and if her father comes back here again, I'll kick him out."

Such a circumstance never happened before, and may never happen again. Humanity owes that barkeeper a vote of thanks.

"False Calves!" (ladios' definition)—deceitful lovers!

Good Fighting by a Rat.

A correspondent from India gives an interesting account of the agility and skill with which rats attack the most venomous reptiles, and often come off conquerors in the battle. He says:

"I saw a very curious experiment with the cobra, which was, however, rather cruel. All the houses in India have a current of air constantly passing through them. It is necessary to protect the candles by glass, bell-shaped shades. Under one of these, inverted, was placed the snake, in company with three large black rats, a couple of scorpions and a centipede. The centipede is about six inches long, and if it crawls over a man leaves the unpleasant feeling of a very painful rheumatism for more than a year.

I am unable to state the feelings of this happy family at being thus suddenly thrown together; I should judge from their proceedings that their ideas were, to say the least, antagonistic. The snake lay quiet; the scorpions ran round the edge of the shade; the centipede rolled himself up. The rats were the only creatures which seemed alive to the unhappy state of their confinement, and showed it by a game of leap frog over the venomous part of the family. By an unlucky trip on the head of the snake, one of the rats at last aroused him from his state of insensibility, and expelled his offence on the spot, as he fell dead from a bite. The other rats instantly darted on the snake, who succumbed to their united attack; they bit him from head to tail, and he died, having, however, with a little poison left, after killing the first rat, severely wounded the second.

The scorpions now began their part of the entertainment, and knowing the drowsiness attendant on snake bites must be kept off at all hazards, humanely forced the rats into activity by running under them and stinging them as they hopped about. Their mode of treatment, however, proved a failure, as the second rat, who had been wounded, died. The two rats, however, had put the scorpions *hors du combat*, so that the last of this combative family were the rat and the centipede; the last named had no chance for the former, and speedily fell a victim, the rat coming off victor. As a tribute to his pluck and prowess, he was allowed to return to his native haunts, where he may probably be still enjoying perfect health.

HOPEFUL.—Writes "P. W. A.," the New York correspondent of a Georgia paper:

It is hoped and believed that the conservatives will make large gains in the interest of the South at the approaching elections, in spite of Northern radicals and Southern critics. The tide is now setting strongly in that direction. The mechanics and laboring classes, who claim Mr. Johnson as one of their own fraternity, no less than the solid men of the country, are gathering around the President with a spirit of determination that is full of encouragement. If the South will only be patient and silent for a season, all will yet go well.

Andrew Johnson is a great power in this land. There is no man who possesses a title of his popularity, even in the North. The whole Democratic party, including War Democrats as well as copperheads, "so called," with that large, intelligent and wealthy wing of the party which elected Mr. Lincoln, known as the moderate Republicans, now stand at his back, and are doing battle under his lead for our rights in this State, and indeed, throughout the North. The followers of Mr. Seward are wading into line in the most gratifying manner.

BUSINESS CARDS ON ENVELOPES.—The Postmaster General has recently issued instructions making provision for the printing of business cards on envelopes in any desired form or design, with requests to return letters, provided that not less than 500 envelopes are ordered. The persons wanting them furnish the cuts or plates prepared for the press from which to have printing done. Postmasters are to receive the orders on the usual terms, the cost being about the value of the plain envelopes, with the addition of the amount of the required stamp.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—Treasurer Spinner yesterday received a communication postmarked Barnesville, S. C., containing three ten cent Confederate postage stamps and a strip of paper, upon which was written the following words: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's Yours, penitently, Conscience Stricken."—Washington Chronicle.

A mining company in Northern Louisiana, on Friday struck a solid block of pure lead weighing thirty three tons.—Other large blocks were found at a distance of eleven feet below the surface of the ground.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that "eighteen springs have passed over her head."

Monroe, Ohio, has been blown away by a hurricane. Any one finding such a town will please return it.

The story that Mrs. John C. Breckenridge has lately given birth to twins is only half true.

Why are women hard on new clothes? Because when they buy a new suit, they wear it out the first day.

Punch returns a contribution styled a weekly trifle, with a comment that it is a trifle too weakly.

Why is a 'tilting skirt' like a slaughter pen? Because lean and fat calves are seen in them.

The Pottsville Journal says it wants a nurse to take care of a basket of children left at his office a short time since.

The fighting editor of a newspaper ought always to put before each of his paragraphs a fist, like this **✊**.

A baby was left on an editor's door step in Cleveland, with a note requesting that it be taught to be an editor.

Kinder is the looking glass than the wine-glass; for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only—the latter to our friends.

"Tommy, do you know that your uncle Robert has found a beautiful little baby on his door step, and is going to adopt him? Yes, mama, and he'll be uncle Bob's step son, won't he?"

"I shall be at home Sunday," remarked a young lady, as she followed to the door her beau, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the brute's reply.

"I say, mister, what are you about?" "Oh, I'm only thinking of something. My head is always full of proclamations."

"Aha, proclamations, did you say? that's a new name for them."

A Dutchman carried two mugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and being asked the meaning of it replied—

"Dis vor te melch, an' dis for te vater, an' I vill mix tem zo as to zotte myself."

"Well, Sambo, what's ye up to now-a-days?" "O, I is a carp'ner and jiner."—

"He! I guess yer is "What department do you perform?" "What department? Why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns da grindstone. G'way."

Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks: "Pretty good for a man-darner;" whereupon Squabbles rejoins, "Good enough for a woman, darn her."

A woman recently alighted from a train of cars just as it was starting from Keokuk, Iowa, leaving a little baby on the platform. The conductor discovering a little passenger, went back to the town, where the mother was found. Upon being charged with deserting the child, she protested against any such imputation, "and really couldn't understand how she came to drop it there."

A newspaper editor inadvertently wrote about a woman who had been buried without proper observance, the following sentence: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Next week he saw his mistake and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog."

The third week exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He gave it up.

RELIEF.—The Rome Courier recommends that the law be enacted similar to one in Kentucky, whereby all real estate levied on under execution shall, previous to sale, be appraised—perhaps the price at which it was given in on the tax books in 1860 would answer—and unless two thirds of this price, or more, shall be bid for the property at the sale—the creditors having the privilege of taking it at that price, if he chooses—the sale shall be barred, and the property be freed from that execution and all others, in favor of the same creditor, for the space of, say, three years. In Alabama, they have a law allowing a debtor the right of redemption to two years on all real estate sold under execution.

TEXAS COTTON CROP.—New Orleans, September 26.—The Galveston Bulletin states, on the authority of General Kidder, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, that the reports to him from subordinates show that the crop will fall from one third to one half short of the former estimates. Also that, nevertheless, there are not negroes enough at labor to pick out the crop.